

prehended make life more serious, more thoughtful, more refined. It becomes in man a "power that makes for righteousness."

The facts holds therefore that in the world Christianity is a force. What it leads an individual to do, it compels the masses to do. This it does morally, intellectually and spiritually. It is the word of a king in a man's life, but the scepter of an all comprehensive kingdom in the world. Ah, it is the Gospel of the kingdom. It draws men, it sways multitudes, it moved the world. Men press violently into the domain of this king. It is the momentum of the world's progress in its onward sweep.

The matchless ideal of Christianity, the magnanimous spirit and unparalleled force characterizing the work of Christianity,—These stand approved before the unsullied bar of human reason.

THE CASE OF HARRY LEE.

The conduct of Harry Lee, as I shall call him, is somewhat peculiar, and is the cause of some difference of opinion among his schoolmates.

Harry has been a physical Hercules from infancy. It was astonishing to see what he could lift and carry about as soon as he began to walk. He has been very fond of out-of-door games, especially baseball. When he was six years old he could "pit 'em in on a turve," and pretty hot ones, too. He is now a remarkably good pitcher for a boy of thirteen.

Not long ago he went to walk with his father, and as soon as they got into the fields Harry began to throw stones at every rock and stump that they passed.

"What makes you throw stones all the time?" asked his father.

"Why, papa," said Harry, "I am the pitcher of the Moxatuxet club, and I want to get my arm very strong. Just feel my muscle, papa."

Of course, Harry's skill makes him very popular on the ball-ground, and the boys would like to have him in every game. But he does not always go, and the boys think that some of his reasons for staying away are queer.

For instance the Saturday before the grammar and parsing contest, Harry

stayed at home and studied, because, as he said, he was a "little lame on his verbs." The boys didn't like it at all that day, but those on his side in the contest felt better about it when Harry answered the last question right, and won the victory for their side.

Another Saturday morning the boys came into the back yard, and Joe Hall gave a whistle like this:

"... ..;" which brought Harry to the door at once, with his sleeves rolled up, and his arms all covered with flour.

"Come right on to the field," said Joe. "The Okemos are coming up, and we want to fix them."

But Harry told them that he couldn't go because his mother was not well, and he was helping her to do the house work. He would not even "go in and tease her," as Bert Lane suggested, and the boys went away grumbling.

Harry is not always aware of his strength, and while playing one day he hurt little Willie March quite severely.

"Skin out, Lee, before his father sees you," advised Bert Lane;

But Harry comforted the little boy, and led him home, and told Mr. March all about it. Then he put his arms around Willie, and kissed him, and said, "I'm sorry I hurt you, Willie," and came away.

Some of the boys think that these things show a weak side to Harry's nature. Others are beginning to like his ways, and to imitate them. I know what his mother thinks, but I will not unduly influence your decision by telling you her opinion.—*The Watchman*.

STAGNANT.

Selfishness makes stagnation; stagnation breeds miasma; and miasma—death. Receptivity is dangerous unless it has an outlet. Filling and holding is demoralizing; but receiving and discharging is healthful. Living for self is sin, but giving out as we have received is life and blessing. It is not what we get, but what we give that is blessed to us. Assimilation comes only by passing through, so you cannot have spiritual life by yourself alone. Outlets are wanted. Giving does not impoverish, withholding does not enrich. Make room for blessings by blessing. Let there be a circulation, if you do not there will be a stagnation.—*Sel.*

CHILDISH SMOKERS.

Childishness is to be expected of a child, but it is peculiarly out of place in a grown person. Even children themselves recognize this truth, and wonder over the childishness of many a man. "Mamma," said a clear-headed child. "I can see why little boys want to smoke; but I can't see why a man should want to." The little fellow could understand how boys liked to puff away at lighted rolls of paper, or bits of grape-vine, or even cigarettes; but it seemed strange to him that a full-grown man could hang on to such a childish custom. If he had known more, he could have seen that smoking is a vicious and filthy habit contracted in childhood, and adhered to in manhood largely through inability to shake it off. A man may wisely be childlike, but childishness is always to the discredit of a man.—*S. S. Times*.

A chaplain in our army during the war was passing over the field, when he saw a fellow that had been wounded lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man: "Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?" That wounded man said: "I'm so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off, and as quickly as possible brought the water. After the man had drunk the water, he said: "Could you lift my head and put something under it?" The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and, tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on. "Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take his coat off and cover the cold man. As he did so, the wounded man looked up in his face and said: "For God's sake, if there is anything in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it." There is a world of meaning, to my mind, in this incident. The need of to-day is acting the object lessons the Book teaches.—*Sel.*